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Deaths In ThunderClan and Author's Note

Author's Note to Reader:

Some things in this story may change as I write more of the Unknown Threat Series. Sorry in advance for the inconvience!

DEATHS IN THUNDERCLAN

Greencough Victims

Thornclaw

Poppyfrost

Dustpelt

Died In Battle

Eaglepaw-died in a battle with WindClan

Allegiances

THUNDERCLAN

Clan Leader

Lionstar

Deputy

Dovewing

Medicine Cat

Woodpelt

Apprentice, Frostpaw

Warriors

Sunsplash

Apprentice, Moonpaw

Splashtail

Voleclaw

Apprentice, Owlpaw

Shrewtail

Talonstrike

Ivypool

Rosepetal

Wavefur

Shadecloud

Toadstep

Falcontail

Apprentice, Nightpaw

Darkshine

Cinderheart

Coldwind

Berrynose

Mousewhisker

Whitewing

Apprentice, Silverpaw

Hazeltail

Groundsquirrel

Cavefrost

Cherrypelt

Molefur

Grassfur

Blossomfall

Bumblestripe

Icecloud

Dewclaw

Thistletail

Queens

There are no queens expecting or nursing kits at the moment

Elders

Brackenfur

Millie

Brightheart

SHADOWCLAN

Clan Leader

Rowanstar

Deputy

Applefur

Medicine Cat

Redfrost

Apprentice, Stonepaw

RIVERCLAN

Clan Leader

Reedstar

Deputy

Pebblefoot

Medicine Cat

Willowshine

WINDCLAN

Clan Leader

Harestar

Deputy

Sedgewhisker

Medicine Cat

Kestrelflight

Apprentice, Swifttail

Okay, sorry for any mistakes, but I kind of rushed through this! Enjoy the story!

Prologue

Prologue

It was a cold windy night. A tired gray she-cat lay on her side inside the ThunderClan nursery. A golden tabby tom stood proudly beside her. Four kits lay near her belly and the tom smiled as he looked at them. “What have you named them?” the tom asked.

“That one is Vinekit,” the gray she-cat said exhaustedly, gesturing to a gray kit.

“That one is Goldenkit,” she said, pointing at a golden she-kit.

“That’s Moonkit,” she said, pointing to a pale silver she-kit.

“And that’s Owlkit,” she said, licking the light brown kit with her tongue.

A brown tom pushed his way into the nursery, meowing a greeting. “You have wonderful kits, Lionblaze and Cinderheart,” the tom said.

Lionblaze nodded. “Thanks, Woodpelt,” he said.

“May I have a look at them?” Woodpelt asked.

“Of course,” the ThunderClan deputy meowed.

Woodpelt studied them for a moment before turning back to face Lionblaze. “The gray kit and the golden kit…” he began.

“Vinekit and Goldenkit,” Cinderheart interrupted.

Woodpelt nodded briskly. “Vinekit and Goldenkit are dead,” the medicine cat said.

Cinderheart gasped and Lionblaze stared at medicine cat in horror. “And the brown one…” Woodpelt continued.

“Owlkit,” Cinderheart said softly.

Woodpelt took a deep breath. “Owlkit is barely breathing. I’m afraid he won’t make it through the night.”

****

Two StarClan cats sat together in a grassy field. “Why did Owlpaw have to inherit his father’s powers when the Prophecy of the Three has already been fulfilled?” a bluish-gray she-cat asked.

A flame-colored tom sighed, resting the tip of his tail on her back. “You know it was not StarClan’s decision, Bluestar. StarClan does not control everything,” Firestar meowed quietly.

Bluestar nodded slowly. “Why do you want do give him the knowledge that has the power to destroy our Clan?” she asked, tilting her head. “That is StarClan’s decision, Firestar, and I don’t see why we should tell him the secret.”

Firestar stared at the blue sky, the bright sunlight reflected in his emerald eyes. “If he doesn’t know Darkshine’s secret, Darkshine will never become leader and ThunderClan will perish,” he responded. “Owlpaw must know.”

Bluestar didn’t look satisfied, but after a moment’s hesitation, she nodded in agreement. “Fine, Firestar, we’ll do it your way. But if ThunderClan falls by Owlpaw’s feet, I swear I will tear your throat out,” she hissed.

The fur on his neck bristled. “Try it!” he spat, claws unsheathed. Then, he took a deep breath and managed to control his anger. “You know that I’m only trying to do what’s best for our Clan, Bluestar.”

The blue-furred she-cat stared at him calmly. “Aren’t we all?” she asked.

The two cats rose to their paws and padded away from

the field. As they were about to fade into a distance, a loud rumble shook the earth. “It will be proven that knowledge is power, and the One will have the power to save or destroy his Clan in his paws,” an unknown voice whispered.

An old tom with sightless gray eyes appeared. “Rock!” Bluestar meowed.

“The One must be prepared, or ThunderClan will be destroyed,” Rock meowed ominously.

Chapter 1

Owlpaw

Night was falling as Owlpaw trotted over to his mother, with his sister, Moonpaw, right behind him. “I’m an apprentice now!” his sister meowed.

Owlpaw was as excited with her, but he struggled with the worry that he could never be a true warrior. His secret had to stay a secret, or he might never be a warrior!

“Owlpaw, what’s wrong?” his mother, Cinderheart, asked.

“Nothing,” he said quickly. “Just thinking.”

His father, Lionstar, came rushing over. “You two will be wonderful warriors!” he purred, his amber eyes shining with pride.

A loud meow came his right side. Owlpaw spun around, startled. He relaxed as he saw Dovewing, who had approached from his blind side. “I know you two will make great warriors someday!” the ThunderClan deputy meowed loudly.

Berrynose walked up to them. “You will be strong warriors, someday,” the cream-colored tom said softly.

There wasn’t been this much fussing over Nightpaw and Silverpaw when they became apprentices, Owlpaw recalled. *It’s because we’re the leader’s kits!*

“Let’s get some rest,” he said to Moonpaw, yawning.

“Alright,” Moonpaw said.

Both of them started walking towards the nursery, and then turned around, embarrassed. Fortunately, no cat had seen their mistake. As the two siblings walked to the apprentices den, Owlpaw tripped over something. He spat gritty soil out of his mouth.

Turning around, his left eye saw a small tree branch lying on the ground. “Why didn’t you see it?” Moonpaw asked, puzzled. “It was right in front of you, slightly off to right.”

Slightly off to the right. Owlpaw knew he couldn’t tell the truth. He couldn’t tell her that he couldn’t see anything to his right. He couldn’t tell her he was half-blind!

No one knew that he was half-blind. Not even his mother or his sister. He had once looked at his reflection in a puddle on the ground. His right eye wasn’t cloudy or anything. It didn’t seem to stare sightlessly at something in the distance. But Owlpaw knew he was half-blind the way he knew he had four paws.

“Owlpaw, are you okay?” his sister was asking.

“Huh? Oh, yeah, I’m fine,” Owlpaw said.

“Why didn’t you see the branch?” Moonpaw repeated.

“Guess I wasn’t paying attention. I’m just so excited, it’s hard to even think straight,” he lied smoothly.

Fortunately, Moonpaw believed him. “Well, try to pay more attention, you mouse-brained furball!” she said, playfully swatting him on the ear. “I’ll race you to the apprentices den!”

Owlpaw chased after his sister. “Not fair, you got a head start!” he meowed as his sister skidded to a halt.

They padded into the apprentices den. “This is so exciting!” Moonpaw squealed.

“Yeah,” Owlpaw said. “Soon we’ll be warriors!”

“I wonder where we can sleep,” Moonpaw murmured.

“Anywhere, as long as it’s away from me!” a grumpy voice meowed. “I don’t want to hear you two chattering all night long!”

“Ignore Nightpaw,” a soft voice said. “You two can sleep

by me. My name is Silverpaw by the way."

Owlpaw turned his head and saw a silver tabby she-cat beckoning to them. Moonpaw immediately scampered over and laid down in the nest to Silverpaw's left. Owlpaw didn't. "Nightpaw!" he called.

"What? Can't any cat get some sleep around here?" Nightpaw responded.

Owlpaw followed the sound of Nightpaw's voice. He saw a jet black tom laying in a soft, mossy nest, blending in with the night shadows so that he was almost invisible. "You want to insult me like that, Nightpaw?" he said.

"Go away, you stupid furball!" Nightpaw said.

"I'll go away if you can beat me in a fight. Claws unsheathed," Owlpaw meowed.

Immediately, Nightpaw leaped to his feet. "This will be easy," he murmured.

Owlpaw stared at the older apprentice. *Why do I feel so confident? Why am I so certain I can beat him?* Owlpaw asked himself.

Nightpaw, batted at Owlpaw's head with his forepaws, claws sheathed. *He's treating me like a kit!* Owlpaw thought angrily.

Rage gave his paws new strength. *I will teach him a lesson!* Owlpaw thought determinedly. A red haze clouded his vision as he unsheathed his claws and leaped at Nightpaw. The older apprentice sidestepped and raked his claws down Owlpaw's spine. Owlpaw pushed out with his hind legs, sending Nightpaw tumbling onto the ground. Owlpaw leaped forward and held Nightpaw on the ground. The older apprentice pushed upwards, trying to get Owlpaw off of him, but Owlpaw hung on. He raked his claws across Nightpaw's belly repeatedly and the older apprentice yelped in pain.

Suddenly, a cat crashed into his side pinning him onto the ground. "Stop!" Silverpaw cried. "Are you trying to kill my

brother?"

But Owlpaw didn't miss the awe and the faint glint of fear in her blue eyes. "Go to your nest and sleep. I am going to take Nightpaw to Woodpelt," Silverpaw whispered.

As Owlpaw settled in his nest, Moonpaw stared at him with surprise in her amber eyes. "Where did you learn those battle moves?" she asked, her voice trembling.

Where did I learn those battle moves? he wondered.

Chapter 2

Owlpaw

"Owlpaw!" a voice called from the entrance to the apprentices den.

"What?" Owlpaw grumbled. "I was having this awesome dream where I was the leader of ThunderClan and...wait, who is it?"

"Your mentor," Voleclaw called.

Owlpaw quickly scrambled out of his nest, shaking the scraps of moss off of his pelt. "What are we doing today?" he asked, licking his left forepaw.

"Basic battle training," Voleclaw said. "Come on, let's hurry. You're the last one up."

Owlpaw's belly rumbled. "Can I eat first?" he asked hopefully.

Voleclaw shook his head. "Follow me!" Owlpaw's mentor said, trotting forwards.

By the time they reached the training hollow, Owlpaw was panting hard. Silverpaw was there, training with her mentor, Whitewing. "The first move an apprentice should learn is how to dart past their opponent and rake their claws down their opponent's side," Voleclaw meowed, demonstrating the move quickly.

Owlpaw wasn't able to stifle a bored yawn. "Owlpaw!" Voleclaw said sharply. "Were you paying attention?"

Owlpaw couldn't hold back his snide comment. "That is such a basic move! Even a kit knows that! Can't we do something like she's doing?" he meowed, pointing at Silverpaw.

The silver apprentice had her back turned to Whitewing. Suddenly, she spun around quickly and leaped gracefully into the air. She soared through the air and landed on her mentor's back, sending Whitewing tumbling onto the ground.

Whitewing quickly leaped back onto her feet. "Nice job!" she congratulated her apprentice. "Your leap has gotten much better since we started this morning!"

Silverpaw nodded happily and gave a little excited bounce. "I'll be a warrior soon!" she said proudly.

His mentor snorted. "You're kidding me! You think you can do moves like that? That's an advanced move that you won't learn until you're almost done with your training!" Voleclaw meowed disbelievingly.

"It's okay," Silverpaw, who had seemed to overhear their conversation, said. "He's still a young apprentice and you know how they all think they know it all. Let him try it, and then maybe he'll listen to you."

Voleclaw whispered, "It's just a waste of time. Not even you got that move right the first time you tried it, or even the second time! You know Owlpaw won't be able to do it; he's barely more than a kit!"

Owlpaw tensed, and then forced himself to relax so that they didn't know that he had overheard their hushed conversation.

"Fine, go ahead. But when you can't do it, well, don't say I didn't warn you," Voleclaw said.

Owlpaw took a deep breath. Voleclaw stood in front of him. "Turn around now," his mentor instructed him.

He wanted to yell at Voleclaw for giving him such obvious directions, but he had the sense to hold his tongue. He turned around and crouched in the grass, belly fur brushing the ground.

Quick as lightning he spun around and sprang high into

the air. He knew it was a good leap as soon as he pushed off the ground. He landed perfectly on Voleclaw's back and his mentor fell onto the grass, his eyes full of shock. "How did you do that?" Voleclaw asked.

Owlpaw didn't respond. All he said was, "I told you so."

Without asking for permission, Owlpaw walked away from the training hollow and back towards the ThunderClan camp. He turned back one last time and he saw Silverpaw watching him. The glint in her dark blue eyes told him that, despite what she had said to Voleclaw, she had known all along that he would be able to make that move.

Chapter 3

Owlpaw

Owlpaw's Clanmates made their way to the Gathering. Cinderheart walked next to him in silence. As they reached the clearing where RiverClan and WindClan were already waiting, she whispered in his ear, "Have fun." Without another word, she disappeared into the crowd of cats.

Owlpaw slowly trotted forwards. Almost immediately, a cheerful voice shouted, "Hi! What's your name?"

Owlpaw quickly spun around. A golden she-cat with green eyes stared at him. She gasped suddenly. "What?" Owlpaw asked.

"Y-your eyes," she stammered.

Owlpaw felt a wave of panic. *Has this she-cat noticed that I am blind?* Owlpaw thought.

"What about my eyes?" he asked slowly.

"They are beautiful," she whispered.

Owlpaw trembled with relief. "You have a beautiful pelt," he meowed.

She nodded slowly. "My name is Sweetpaw, and I am from WindClan. What is your name?" Sweetpaw asked.

"Owlpaw," he said.

"Owlpaw," Sweetpaw whispered. "Do you want to meet me tonight?"

"Where?" Owlpaw asked.

"You know about the underground tunnels, right? Meet me

in the big cave," the young she-cat said.

Owlpaw wanted to say yes to the pretty WindClan apprentice. *But what if my father finds out? Or my sister? Or my mother…I can't meet Sweetpaw in the tunnels!* he thought.

"No, I can't," he meowed after a long moment of hesitation. "It's against the warrior code."

"But..." Sweetpaw began.

She was interrupted by Harestar. "We gather before StarClan to…" the WindClan leader was yowling from the Great Oak.

"We can discuss this after the Gathering," Owlpaw hissed.

"WindClan has been doing well," Harestar meowed. "We have three new apprentices. Featherpaw, Stonepaw, and Squirrelpaw."

As soon as the cheering died down, Lionstar stepped forward. "Moonpaw and Owlpaw are our two new apprentices. Leopardpaw is now known as Leopardheart," he said.

Reedstar lifted his head and stared down calmly at the crowd of cats with big green eyes. "RiverClan has two new warriors. Nettlepaw has become Nettlefur and Smallpaw has become Smalltooth," Reedstar said.

Rowanstar's piercing blue gaze swept around the clearing. Finally, he turned his head and glared pointedly at Reedstar. "Prey is precious, even in the season of newleaf," the ShadowClan leader began. "We cannot afford to have uninvited guests crossing our borders and stealing prey, Reedstar!"

Loud yowls of protest came from the RiverClan cats. Reedstar stared calmly back at Rowanstar, meeting the ShadowClan's leader's eyes. "RiverClan are not the ones stealing prey, Rowanstar," Reedstar spat.

Hisses came from ShadowClan. Owlpaw saw Rowanstar

unsheathe his claws. “Are you accusing ShadowClan of stealing your prey?” Rowanstar asked.

Reedstar unsheathed his claws and stared defiantly into Rowanstar’s eyes. “Yes,” Reedstar meowed.

Hissing, Rowanstar flung himself onto Reedstar’s back, sending them both tumbling off of the Great Oak. They landed with a loud thud. Reedstar managed to fling Rowanstar off of his back. Around the clearing, RiverClan cats and ShadowClan cats were fighting. Sweetpaw trembled with fear next to Owlpaw. “I doubt that the RiverClan cats have been stealing ShadowClan's prey!” she whispered in Owlpaw’s ear.

Lionstar yowled for peace, but his words were drowned by the screeches of fighting cats. Owlpaw noticed that Sweetpaw was looking up at the sky. Slowly, he lifted his head and stared at the night sky. Gray storm clouds were covering the moon. “Stop!” Harestar screeched, his gaze fixed on the sky. “StarClan is angry!”

The fighting immediately stopped. “This Gathering is over,” Harestar meowed.

“ThunderClan, let’s go home,” Lionstar said, leaping down from the Great Oak.

“Owlpaw,” Sweetpaw said. “Remember to meet me in the tunnels tomorrow night. I’ll be waiting.”

The WindClan apprentice began to trot away. “Wait!” Owlpaw called after her. “I said I wasn’t going to…”

But Sweetpaw was already gone. Her scent still lingered in the air. “Owlpaw!” Lionstar yowled. “Are you coming?”

“Yes,” Owlpaw shouted.

It couldn’t hurt to meet her in the tunnels for just one night, could it? If it doesn’t feel right, I wouldn’t go again. Owlpaw thought. *Should I go?*

“Owlpaw, wake up!” Cinderheart shouted. “You are going

to get left behind!”

Yes, he decided. *I will meet Sweetpaw in the tunnels tomorrow.*

Chapter 4

Owlpaw

Owlpaw took a deep breath and entered the tunnels, emerging into a large cave with moonlight flooding into it through a small hole in the roof. A familiar scent met his nose. “Sweetpaw…” he whispered as she licked his nose affectionately.

Over the past half-moon, he had been meeting the WindClan apprentice in the cave every other night. He shivered as a gust of cold wind blew into the cave. Apparently leaf-bare would be coming early this time.

The WindClan apprentice seemed unusually quiet. “What’s wrong?” Owlpaw asked softly.

Sweetpaw pulled away from him as he tried to lick her cheek. “I must tell you the truth,” she said.

She avoided his gaze. “You won’t love me anymore after I tell you this. I want you to know that I enjoyed spending time with you, and I’ll love you for the rest of my life,” she meowed.

“My first day as an apprentice, me and my mentor, Dawnfrost, met a fox,” she continued. “It scratched my ear badly.”

Sweetpaw showed him the back of her left ear, which was covered with long pink scars. “Sweetpaw, every warrior will have battle scars one day,” Owlpaw said. “Why did you think that would make me stop loving you?”

“That is not the problem!” she hissed. “The fox scratched the inside of my ear too. I can’t hear anything in my right ear, Owlpaw, nothing at all. None of my Clanmates know.”

“Sweetpaw, that doesn’t matter,” Owlpaw said. “I love you anyways.”

“Really?” she said, her eyes shining hopefully.

“Really,” Owlpaw said.

He was about to explain to her that he was half-blind, when she said, “Look, it’s almost sunrise! We had better get back home, before our Clanmates notice that we are gone.”

“Bye, Sweetpaw,” Owlpaw murmured.

“Bye, Owlpaw! I’ll see you in two days!” Sweetpaw said.

Then, she ran off and disappeared. Owlpaw snuck back into camp and settled into his nest inside the apprentices den.

*****

Owlpaw woke up in the morning and his throat felt dry. His flanks heaved as he coughed violently, waking Silverpaw up. “Owlpaw, are you okay?” she asked. Before he could answer, she said, “Go see Woodpelt right now!”

"But..." Owlpaw began, but was interrupted by another outburst of coughing.

"Now!" Silverpaw ordered.

Feeling too miserable to disobey, Owlpaw trudged into the medicine cats den and fell onto the ground, coughing.

Moments later, Woodpelt entered the den. “What is wrong?” Woodpelt asked.

Owlpaw answered him with another bout of coughing. Woodpelt bent over him and studied him for a moment before straightening again. “You have whitecough,” the medicine cat announced.

Woodpelt fed him some catmint and tansy before giving him two poppy seeds. “Eat these,” Woodpelt instructed. “They will help you to sleep.”

Owlpaw lapped them up and closed his eyes. He quickly fell asleep.

*****

Owlpaw woke at sundown the next day. He pulled himself to his paws. *Sweetpaw is probably heading to the tunnels now!* Owlpaw thought.

He took a few unsteady steps towards the entrance to the den. On his way out, his tail brushed against Woodpelt's flank. The medicine cat stirred and lifted his head. "Owlpaw, where are you going?" he asked.

"For a walk," Owlpaw rasped.

"For a walk?" Woodpelt echoed, narrowing his eyes. "You are sick; you can't leave the camp!"

"I am better," Owlpaw lied, before collapsing onto the ground when he was shaken by another coughing fit.

"You are not better!" Woodpelt said. "Now get in your nest and go back to sleep!"

As Owlpaw settled back down into his nest, he wondered, *What must Sweetpaw be thinking?*

*****

The next morning, Owlpaw woke up feeling light-headed. His whole body felt as if it was burning up and his mouth felt dry. His vision was blurred from fever and every other moment, he was attacked by another bout of coughing. Woodpelt was somehow still sleeping, despite Owlpaw's loud hacking. His sides soon ached from the ceaseless coughing. Finally, Woodpelt opened his eyes and stood over Owlpaw looking extremely worried. The medicine cat took a deep breath. "I am sorry, Owlpaw," he said. "You have greencough."

The medicine cat gave him catmint, tansy, and another herb…it was a blue berry that Owlpaw guessed was a juniper berry.

Then, he fed Owlpaw more poppy seeds, and, after a few long moments of coughing in his nest, Owlpaw fell asleep.

*****

Nearly a complete half-moon later, Owlpaw realized that he wasn't coughing. "Woodpelt!" he shouted. "I am healthy again!"

Woodpelt grunted and rose to his paws. "You aren't sick anymore?" Woodpelt asked, sniffing his fur.

"Can I leave your den?" Owlpaw asked.

"Yes, but you'll be weak for the next few days," Woodpelt said. "I think it will be okay for you to go to the Gathering though."

"Thanks!" Owlpaw said, darting out of the medicine cat den, excited to rejoin his Clanmates.